

Wright State University

CORE Scholar

Nexus

Student Activities

Spring 3-1-1988

Nexus, Spring 1988

Wright State University Community

Follow this and additional works at: <https://corescholar.libraries.wright.edu/nexusliteraryjournal>



Part of the [Fiction Commons](#), [Illustration Commons](#), [Interdisciplinary Arts and Media Commons](#), [Mass Communication Commons](#), [Nonfiction Commons](#), [Other Arts and Humanities Commons](#), [Photography Commons](#), and the [Poetry Commons](#)

Repository Citation

Wright State University Community (1988). *Nexus, Spring 1988*. .

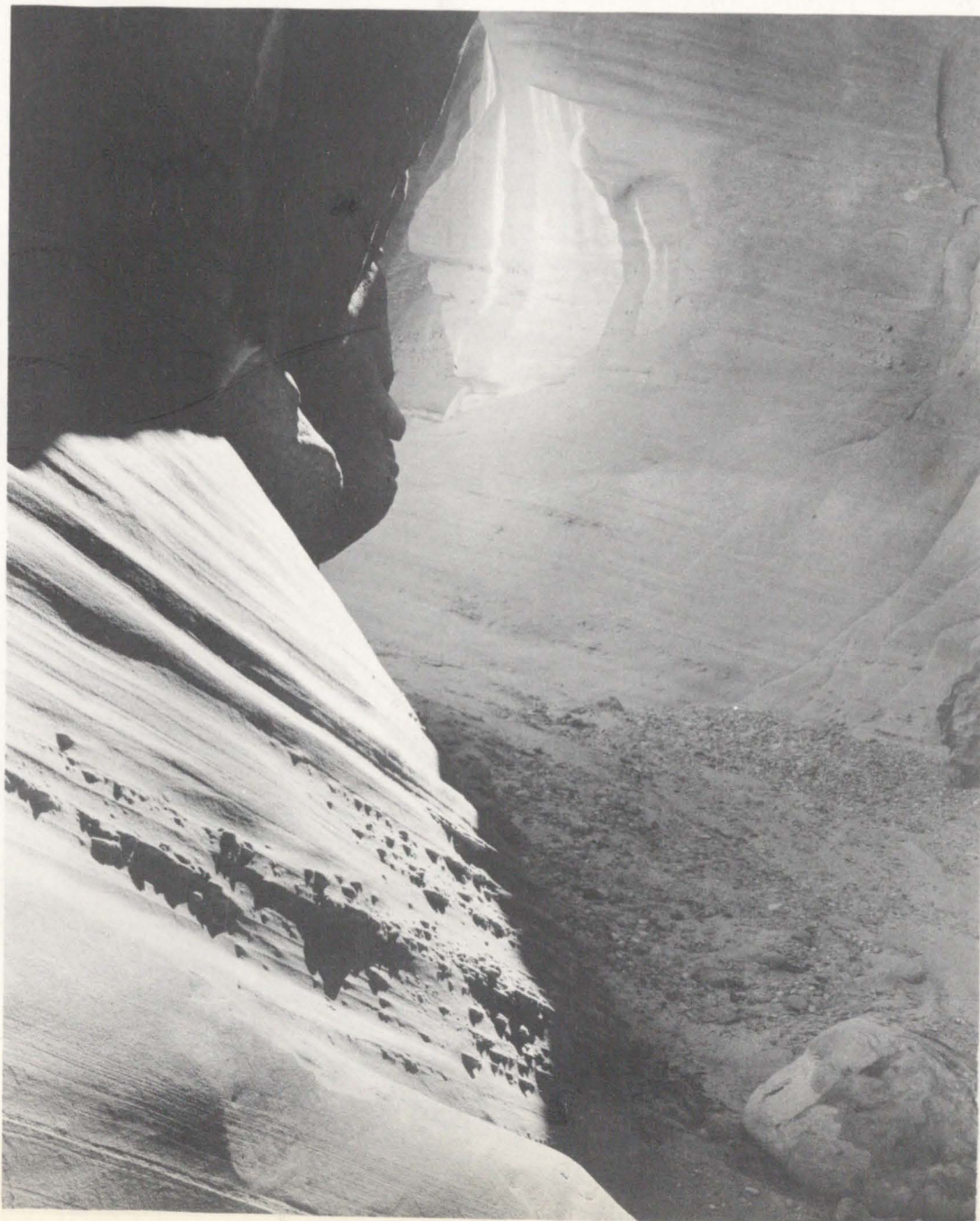
This Creative Work is brought to you for free and open access by the Student Activities at CORE Scholar. It has been accepted for inclusion in Nexus by an authorized administrator of CORE Scholar. For more information, please contact library-corescholar@wright.edu.

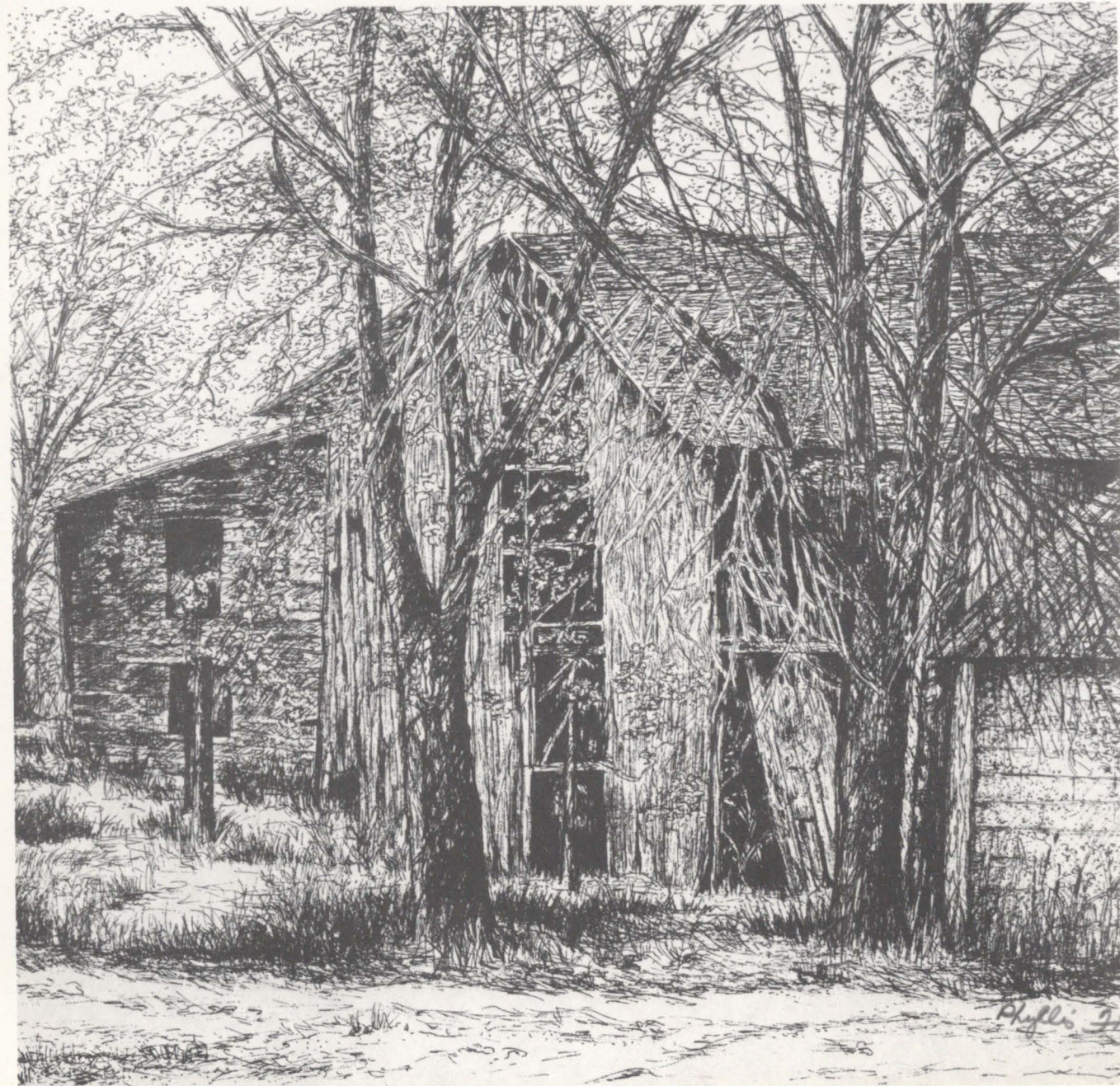
Nexus

Volume XXIII

Spring 1988

Number 3





Front Cover:
Harris Wash, Utah
by Glenn A. Kotnik

Inside Front Cover:
Bittersweet Memories
by Phyllis A. Finkelstein

Table of Contents

Harris Wash, Utah (photo), Glenn A. Kotnik	Front Cover
Bittersweet Memories (ink drawing), Phyllis A. Finkelstein	Inside Front Cover
Listen to the Greening (poem), William James Kovanda	3
The Big Band Sounds (poem), Charlotte F. Rismiller	4
The Transmigration of Chibby (fiction), Jovanka Kink	5
Treetops (photo), Scott Milligan	8
At Dusk (poem), Jonelle Blair	9
The Last Waltz (poem), Larry Rich	10
Always (poem), Cathy Wilson Sayer	11
A Young Gangster Resigns (fiction), Joe Fumo	12
Second Voice (poem), Jovanka Kink	13
The Sibling Connection (fiction), Stephanie Dickey	14
Leftover Pieces (poem), Joyce K. Luzzi	16
Unmerciful Sorrows (poem), Jonathan Levant	17
Café (photo), Sandy Kinnaman	18
4537 Pine (poem), Egean Roggio	19
Shadow (poem), Melissa Brothers	19
Night Herons (poem), Walt Franklin	19
Question in Grief: Evening (poem), William Beyer	20
Poets Wanted (fiction), Diane Webster	21
They Give What They Have (poem), Neurine Wiggin	24
Tranquility (photo), F. Stephen DeMartino	25
The Breeding Season (fiction), April E. Wilson	26
Snow Ruin (photo), Michael A. Bartz	29
Village Squares (poem), Charlotte F. Rismiller	30
Afternoon in the Graveyard (poem), David James	31
Cape Bretton Island, 1978 (photo), Glenn A. Kotnik	32
Country Bliss (poem), Diane Marie Victoria	33
Spring 1988 Contest Results	34
Contributors	35
Patrons	36
Piano (photo), Michelle Saez	Inside Back Cover

Editor Rebecca J. Edgerton
Associate Editor Deborah J. Floyd
Assistant Editor Adam F. Hough
Art Editor..... Sheila Morris
Staff Volunteer..... Philip E. L. Greene
Staff Volunteer.....Melvin Griffin
Staff Volunteer..... Robert Ziv

Adviser Dr. Martin Maner

Typesetting by Wright State University Printing Service. Printing by Bowling-Moorman.

The editors gratefully acknowledge the donation by The Mead Corporation of paper stock for the magazine cover and the donation of prize money by the Wright State University College of Liberal Arts and the Department of English Language and Literatures.

Special thanks to: Anne Ankrom, Pam Dixon, Joy Heishman, and Barbara Jervis at Wright State University Printing Service; the Student Affairs Word Processing Center for patron drive help; Gerry Petrak and Eddie Sims at Student Development; and Lorna Dawes and the staff of the University Center Director's Office.

Nexus is Wright State University's student-operated magazine of the creative arts. Three issues are produced per year (fall, winter, and spring). The magazine is distributed free of charge on the Wright State campus. Submissions of short fiction, essays, plays, poetry, b/w photography, and artwork are welcome. Manuscripts are read from September to June. All submissions must be accompanied by an SASE or an Allyn Hall mailbox number, a short biography, and a telephone number. Sample copies are available by sending a self-addressed 10x12 envelope and five first-class stamps with a \$2 handling charge for the first copy and \$1 for each additional copy. *Nexus* is available to any little magazine or small press on an exchange basis. To receive submission guidelines, send an SASE with one first-class stamp. The address is 006 University Center, Wright State University, Dayton, Ohio 45435. The *Nexus* Spring Contest is open only to Wright State students.

© 1988 by *Nexus*. All rights revert to the author/artist upon publication.

Listen to the Greening

by William James Kovanda

listen to the greening
grow
twist and stretch
young shoots toward the sun
rooted and blend
with the warmth of spring
exalted in the shedding of their departed shells

listen to the greening
of a forest
or a garden
radicles mused and tossed about
hidden beneath the changes of earth
black
ripe
smelling of birth

spring winds playing naughtily upon their first leaves
they tussle and tug at their unweathered stems
as if betaken by a soft storm
those emerald shreds of life
groping for vitality
testing upon the air with unseen movements
mustering their strength for a single season

listen to the greening

The Big Band Sounds by Charlotte F. Rismiller

In the evenings, in the summer,
while she sits on the porch swing alone,
she still hears the music that made her sing
and dream of bigger things
than she has found today.
And sometimes when she's washing,
she hums the tunes from the big bands.
The children giggle; they won't understand
until they are older
and have children of their own.
Then they'll sit on their porch swings alone
and hear the music that made them sing
and dream of bigger things.

The Transmigration of Chibby

by Jovanka Kink

Anna had not intended to buy a dog that day or any other day. She passed that particular pet shop every week on her way to the market; she would glance sideways at the puppies in the window, silently acknowledge their cuteness in passing, and walk purposefully on. Today, however, one of the young dogs seemed to leap out and grab hold of her consciousness. She stopped as though colliding with a physical barrier and turned to stare into the window.

The puppy was a purebred toy poodle, white tinged with apricot. It did not romp and play with the others but stood looking steadily at Anna with its alert brown eyes. Its liver-colored nose twitched, and then its fluffy tail began to wag, waving back and forth slowly at first, and then ever faster, until Anna saw only an apricot blur.

Totally against her will she found herself entering the pet shop. She hadn't been in a pet shop in fifteen years. Everything she did and said seemed to be happening through a haze, a thick mist that wrapped itself around her senses and guided her actions without any sort of conscious consent. Anna paid for the puppy with the money she'd taken for groceries, and more. Since she had none left, she slung her empty shopping bag over her shoulder, cradled the puppy in her arms, and walked back toward her small apartment. The dog wriggled a bit in her grip, as though getting comfortable but soon quieted. It was soft and warm against her, though she barely noticed, for the dazed sense of unreality remained with her until she had closed the door to her apartment and had set the dog down on the floor. It immediately went off, sniffing about the room.

Then Anna realized what she had done. Why, why had she brought another dog into her home, a poodle no less, and white tinged with apricot?! She bolted into her bedroom, slammed the door shut, and threw herself face down onto her bed.

Chibby was a white woolly blur of action, a bright-eyed poodle puppy. She pounced on the red

rubber mouse and shook it fiercely, wagging her tail in time to the squeaks emitted by the toy. Five-year-old Anna clapped her hands in delight and called to the dog, who came bounding into her lap and licked her chin. Chibby's tongue was warm, rough, and enthusiastically affectionate.

Anna watched Chibby later as she settled down to crunch her puppy chow. She carried a mouthful of food across the room into her bed and ate it there. It was a habit that Chibby developed very early and never lost: anything of value was taken along to bed. So it was with the rubber mouse, which the poodle buried under her blankets. Anna, who was herself enchanted with the squeal-sounds it gave off, sometimes dug the toy out to play—but always, Chibby would take it back to her basket-bed and rebury it.

Anna raised her head at the sound of scraping at her bedroom door. Her eyes fell on the red rubber mouse, which she kept on her nightstand . . . The scraping continued, accompanied by plaintive whimpering. Reluctantly, Anna pushed herself up from the

The pup had somehow managed to leap or claw its way up onto Anna's bed.

bed. "You bought it, so you'd better feed it," she muttered to herself and opened the door to let the puppy in. She regarded it dispassionately as it stood and wagged its tail up at her. It was a female, Anna knew, but she could not bring herself to regard it as such. It was it. A nameless poodle puppy.

Anna stepped over the dog and went into the kitchen. She found a plastic dish for water and another for food. She rummaged through her near-empty refrigerator and found some scraps of hamburger, a few strips of fish, and bits of cheese and bread. She would buy dog food tomorrow, she thought dutifully.

She returned to the bedroom to collect the puppy. She stopped, startled, in the doorway. The pup had somehow managed to leap or claw its way up onto Anna's bed; its forefeet rested precariously on the nightstand. The red rubber mouse dangled from its paws, and it looked to Anna proudly for approval.

Her voice came out in a shout. "Drop it!" She ran forward, alarming the puppy so that it did indeed

Anna snatched up the mouse as though it were a priceless antique that had nearly been broken.

drop the mouse and scrambled down the other side of the bed. Anna snatched up the mouse as though it were a priceless antique that had nearly been broken. She wiped away miniscule drops of saliva and replaced the toy on her nightstand.

The puppy was peering around the corner of the bed. "Don't you ever take this again," Anna said to it angrily. The little dog cringed at the sound of her voice, and Anna was suddenly sorry. She went toward it, picked it up. "Come and eat," she said more softly and took the dog to the kitchen.

She set it down beside the prepared food dish. It looked up at her, uncertain. "Go ahead—eat," Anna said. The puppy pricked up its ears, giving its narrow little face a curiously earnest look. Hesitantly, Anna reached out to pat its head, and the ears folded back.

Anna was enthralled with Chibby's facial expressions. The dog would often run out her tongue, expose her teeth, and half-close her brown eyes—"Smiling," Anna would say. Chibby could prick up her ears, bringing them up and forward on her head, making her look alert and ready. Anna had discovered that if she patted Chibby's head with her pudgy child's hand, the ears would fold back, flat against the head, making the dog look amiable and contented. Often she would "smile" when Anna patted her.

Chibby accompanied Anna everywhere. Her resplendent, curly, apricot-tinted coat was sometimes clipped stylishly into little tufts and pompoms but was more often allowed to grow long and woolly. It gathered burrs and bits of grass which had to be picked out after a walk in the fields. Anna became better at picking burrs as she grew older and more coordinated.

They enjoyed roaming the meadows in summer—Anna would unclip Chibby's leash and let the dog run, and she would return lolling her red tongue, panting happily. They walked to the playground (Anna carried Chibby with her up the slide and on the swings), to the stores, the creek, and back home again across the wide green fields. The grasses were often so high that they covered Chibby completely, and Anna had to track her by movement.

In winter, Chibby romped through the snow, contrasting her light coat against the still whiter background of the snow, demonstrating to Anna that she really was not white but white-apricot. As years passed and the dog grew older, her apricot faded into a creamy off-white which was still distinct against the snow.

Anna had no basket for the puppy to sleep in, so she found a cardboard box and cut down the sides. She lined it with some old blankets which she found in the closet; there were four, but the puppy got only three, for one of those blankets had belonged to Chibby.

Anna bought dog food the next day and kept the door to her room tightly closed, so the puppy could not leap up onto her bed.

Chibby had been with her for fourteen years. Chibby had died in her arms.

Anna cried—cried for days—and spent the last of her savings on a grave site at the animal cemetery, with an elaborately carved tombstone. During the first year, she'd gone to the cemetery three times a week to add fresh flowers.

Anna spooned food into the puppy's dish and withdrew into her small living room to watch the

Anna jumped up and ran through the hallway to find her door ajar and her nightstand lamp in pieces on the floor.

evening news. Not long afterward, a crash from her bedroom interrupted the anchorman's monologue.

Anna jumped up and ran through the hallway to find her door ajar and her nightstand lamp in pieces on the floor. The red rubber mouse was gone.

Anna took a step into the room, scanning the corners. Suddenly the puppy darted out from underneath the bed, slipped by her legs, and sped out the bedroom door. Even in that brief instant, Anna had seen what it carried in its teeth. She turned to run after it. "Come back here with that mouse!" she shouted, chasing the fleeting white form through the

dim hallway.

She arrived in the kitchen and stopped, struck by the beginnings of a revelation that left her giddy with sudden joy, and at the same time ashamed and remorseful that she hadn't realized sooner . . . ! The poodle puppy stood looking up at her with bright, expectant eyes. Her tail began to wave back and forth. She dropped the red rubber mouse into her bed and clawed a blanket over it. Anna could only stare at her. Chibby laid back her ears and smiled.



Treetops
by Scott Milligan

At Dusk
by Jonelle Blair

Nighthawk sits
on wire watching
while others
soar and swerve

Luna moth flies
to the light and
nighthawk springs
with talon traps

Nighthawk more
experienced in
catching
than luna moth
in getting away

Returning to wire
sheltered from wind
nighthawk savors
luna moth

One by one
pale green wings
spiral slowly down
with gravity

The Last Waltz
by **Larry Rich**

Two psyches waltzed beyond the brink
Of circumstance and time.
What formerly had been routine
At once became sublime.

The music now intoned within;
All action was a style.
Then heartbeats entered harmony
And being changed to smile.

We stepped in tune to energy
As sound and light converged.
We gazed into each other's eyes
Until our senses merged.

I doubt that we on those plateaus
Could dance an earthly role,
But I would recognize you by
The rhythm of your soul.

Always
by **Cathy Wilson Sayer**

An Irving Berlin tune
is trickling in the downspout,
and neighboring lights
seep through the darkness
and shimmer on the naked, wet
skins of trees outside our window.

We lie in silent harmony
on our twenty-five dollar
St. Vincent DePaul bed
with its blackened finish,
my nose pressed against your back,
our bare moistness melding
the scene inside and out.

The night is a melody
of shining wet blackness
our sighs singing—always
always let it be like this,
this perfect prelude that glistens
in the dark.

A Young Gangster Resigns

by Joe Fumo

I am a thirty-three-year-old gangster. That's right. I have been a gangster since the age of eighteen. But after what happened last night, I know that my heart is not in this profession. I am going to give my two weeks' notice today.

The life of a gangster has its exciting moments, and maybe I will miss them. I can't help snickering when I think of the time me and the boys freed two thousand chickens to teach Bruno Malone the importance of timely loan payments. Yes, it can be stimulating work at times, but a gangster actually faces a stagnant, predictable career path. There's going to be X bookie operations, X shipments of narcotics, X uncooperative people to silence. Only the X changes, not the fundamental nature of the business.

I thirst for a legitimate job, where rewards are commensurate with performance. I hunger for salary reviews and the chance to show my boss how much I've improved the bottom line. I ache to be part of a corporate team that supplies a valued service or that manufactures a superior product line.

Blame it all on last night's high school reunion. So many of my former classmates have gone on to become successes in the business world. I suppose it's easy to call them yuppies and sneer at the emphasis they place on prosperity. But I look up to these achievers. They are working hard, making an honest buck. You can see the pride light up their faces.

Gangsters, on the other had, always look so distrustful. Like they have something to hide. They give nebulous answers. They prefer to speak with their hands and their eyebrows, as if every room were mined with tape recorders. I found myself behaving like this at the reunion, and it felt wrong. Especially when my old heartthrob, Chelsea McPherson, asked what I did for a living. I got so flustered that I told her I was counselor at the Gay Men's Crisis Center. I'm tired of deceiving people. Just once I want to be able to look a gal in the eyes, swirl my drink, and say, "I'm an investment banker, and I do a little corporate law on the side."

Let's talk about professional development. That's a joke in my business. I've been a gangster for fifteen years, and I've never attended a single workshop or seminar. There's no such thing as continuing education in my field. Nobody is looking to broaden their skills, just sharpen their technique. It's still very much a "live by the sword, die by the sword" mentality. My crime family doesn't understand how much self-development means to me. When I try to explain my goals and objectives, they say I read too much. I don't think they trust me.

So, I'm going to call it quits today—as soon as I get to the office. I think of it as an office, but it's nothing more than a storefront pizza parlor. My fellow gangsters will probably call me a sissy, but I don't care. They are too simplistic. They have no vision. That's what I find so irritating. Modern gangsters follow the same philosophy as their colleagues of the Roaring Twenties. The technology is different, but the mind-set hasn't changed a bit. I feel so stifled.

Where do I go from here? I don't know. I have never filled out a job application. What am I qualified to do? Threaten shop owners? Is that going to give me an edge over the other candidates? When you come right down to it, the only thing I know how to do is carry out orders. Maybe McDonald's has an opening.

The more I think about my decision, the better I feel. I can see the end coming for organized crime. The courts are getting tougher. Parole is not so easily arranged anymore. At our zenith, we were able to effectively silence the cop on the beat and the district attorney. We still have influence—don't get me wrong—but we have clearly lost our knockout punch. I believe it's because our bribes never kept up with inflation. Our greed is coming back like a boomerang.

In a way, I feel sorry for my peers. They cannot see their fate. They will fight to the last hit man. I'm afraid today's gangster is like the dinosaur. Maybe a little smaller in size but with essentially the same brain.

Second Voice

by Jovanka Kink

Black cricket, shiny, like a robot-insect,
Sings monotony on darkness,
Rasping, all relentless, all unanswered,
On and on.
In the space of silence, rising
Clear above the rasping,
Second Voice strikes a note,
A tentatively higher pitch;
Second Voice, brown cricket in the leaves,
Interspersed between
Relentless black.

The Sibling Connection

A response to *Miranda* in Katherine Anne

Porter's short story, "The Grave"

by Stephanie Dickey

Ah, Miranda, you confront me with memories. Like you I was often remanded to my older brother's "protective" custody when I was young. How we both resented their superior, bossy attitudes and vaguely longed to be initiated into their exclusive fraternity of male privilege! That was the summer when you explored the graves. That was the summer when I was Nancy Drew.

I was nine that summer, Miranda, as you were nine, and lived in a peculiar old house plentiful with odd little rooms and snaking corridors. It was not an unfriendly house, only peculiar, and it welcomed the scrutiny of a nine-year-old imagination. It was my house, and it was my brother's house. But most of all, it was a secret-passageway house. I would have staked Nancy's reputation on it: Nancy Drew, world's smartest girl detective.

Like your brother, Miranda, my brother was twelve that summer. He was as insufferable to me on my quest as your brother was to you on that hunt for wild game. Exasperated as I was at that elusive secret door, I resented his arrogant offer to join the search. It was as if a secret passageway were his own grand hypothesis. While Nancy meticulously sounded walls, my brother carelessly poked around and pretended that we were in *his* way. Nancy's perfect ash-blond eyebrows fairly knotted in irritation at him. But alas, the secret passageway eluded even the great Nancy Drew. My brother's meddling was undoubtedly the reason.

After luncheon (Nancy Drew never ate just lunch), my brother suggested that we search the basement. Nancy seemed delighted with the idea. I confess, Miranda, that for a moment I felt betrayed. But brothers are occasionally useful, as you well know. So we trooped to the cellar, Nancy, my brother, and I. Within minutes I discovered a loose block in the old limestone foundation. Eagerly we all scraped away at the crumbly mortar and were well rewarded by the disclosure of a secret compartment. It was quite small, but even so my faith in Nancy was restored. Instantly my brother insisted that I not tell Dad (just like your

brother did, Miranda). Furthermore, he demanded that I swear an oath. It was a grave oath filled with torture and death. I had to swear that he alone had made this fine discovery. Nancy, her perfect ash-blond eyebrows frowning in annoyance, reluctantly agreed. But my brother knew in that one intrepid glance that his thinly-veiled ego was fooling no one—not even me. At least you *exchanged* treasures with your brother, Miranda. I surrendered mine completely.

Now the quest took a new tack. My brother had found a beautifully concealed hiding place, but we had nothing to conceal. Nancy, tiring of this game, suggested that an expedition to the country might yield some worthy booty. It was agreed, and we continued the quest on bicycles—his sleek and new with brakes right on the handlebars and mine old and handed down. (Was your brother's gun sleek and new, Miranda? Was your gun old and handed down?)

Nancy skillfully maneuvered her new blue roadster through the incommensurate streets of River

***It was a glance of secret knowledge
not shared with little sisters.***

Heights. She was searching for clues to a sensational, though not yet publicized, burglary which had occurred only the previous evening. This was no idle search, however, for Carson Drew, Nancy's father and well-known criminal lawyer, often took Nancy into his confidence on difficult cases. She pursed her perfect ash-blond eyebrows in thought. Surely someone (my brother?) was withholding crucial information. Suddenly her keen eyes spotted fresh tire tracks leading off the main road and down a well-worn path.

"Let's ride our bikes down Lovers' Lane," commanded my brother.

Nancy eased her roadster off the road as she considered this new dilemma. Lovers' Lane was strictly off-limits to us. It was a treacherous, winding

path that ended abruptly at the river's edge. Obviously the burglar gang had recently come this way though. Should she play it safe and call the police? Or should she deliberately disobey her father's rule and pursue the gang at once?

"We'll make a pact," dared my brother. "If one of us falls in the river, the other one has to jump in, too."

Skeptical, I looked at Nancy. She feigned insouciance. So I feigned insouciance and agreed.

My brother went first, blazing the trail and hacking away at limbs and shrubbery as he went. Nancy borrowed my bicycle and nimbly pedaled away after him. As we neared the end of the trail, I cautioned my brother to be careful. He shot me a knowing glance. You know that glance, Miranda. It was a glance of condescending solicitude. It was a glance of secret knowledge not shared with little sisters. It

was a glance in the wrong direction. Before our very blue eyes, Nancy's and mine, and in very slow motion my brother's bicycle plunged into the swirling river, handlebar brakes and all. As he stood up and regarded us with a dripping, vapid stare, my perfect ash-blond eyebrows arched in surprise at such unexpected requital. Without a moment's hesitation, I deftly executed a difficult three-point turnaround, skillfully raced the shiny blue roadster back to the main road, and gleefully sped away.

You learned of life and death and the promise of life that day at the graves, Miranda. I learned of power and impotence and the promise of power: the power women sometimes exercise over men and little sisters sometimes exercise over older brothers. Years later you recalled your lesson, Miranda. My lesson was never forgotten, nor was the moment that I became Nancy Drew.

Leftover Pieces

by Joyce K. Luzzi

I am the leftover pieces
of my mother's shard, implanted
secret in my body, from the time
when she and I, connected, lay
flat together.

I am the leftover pieces
of my father's hands, placed
savage round my heart, hardened
crisp that first night he came
and touched me.

I am the leftover pieces
of my sister's rage, pushed
to the limit, unresolved and
kept dissatisfied, redundant
by her fury.

I am the leftover pieces
of my brother's perfect gift,
pressed-madness bulging out,
ready for any day's
slaughter.

I am also pieces of myself,
left over, mercilessly held
by the back of the neck,
burdened by a life
unsinging.

Unmerciful Sorrows

by Jonathan Levant

such a fancy title
such domineering deeds
the animal gods abandon us

hail magdalen sister of god
our hands freeze in prayer
standing our knees sway

these little letters are like
a liver pudlian accent // these words
like gulliver tied down by little spider-men

looking at pictures of himself
narcissus masturbates
marlowe with a dagger in his eye

while christ in heaven says
—to be jesus or not to be jesus
that is the inquisition



Café
by Sandy Kinnaman

4537 Pine
by Egean Roggio

Lap cat and porch swing
stir. City street lights flicker
on wet cement. A
guest arrives early. What peace . . .
a friend's house and no one home.

Shadow
by Melissa Brothers

Streetlamps stand unlit
In the bright warmth of sunlight
Casting dark shadows

Night Herons
by Walt Franklin

Awake at night
Listening
To a thrum of rain and
Cars on the boulevard

Seeing eagles perched in
Darkness of the zoo
Their dish of laboratory
Rat and whitefish

Hérons clustered in a wild
Rookery above them
Shifting weight and lifting wings
To shake the blanketing rain

Question in Grief: Evening by William Beyer

In my advancing mood
of grief
why are you silent?

Your concern,
only a few quiet words,
would be enough;
a necessary comfort.

Now,
when we are alone,
and slow funeral words
return,
your eyes
are increasingly dark,
distant,
extended silence
is a question
lingering curiously
between us,
within this narrow room
of retrospect;
uneasy shadows.

Poets Wanted by Diane Webster

Famous Poets, a new poetry magazine, is looking for submissions. No restrictions on length, style, or subject. Established and unknown poets welcome. Published quarterly at \$2 a copy. Payment is in copies for now, but the exposure is great. Send submissions and queries to *Famous Poets*, 1145 Spruce Ave., Haverston, NY 10034.

Always searching for new markets, I immediately sent a batch of poetry to *Famous Poets*. Within two weeks my SASE returned, and my heart leaped. It was lighter than the other envelopes. After years of rejection I knew an acceptance by feel.

Dear Diane,

We are pleased to inform you that we have decided to accept all four of your poems for our premier issue due out next month. You will receive two contributor's copies, and we urge you to submit more poems at any time since we feel you have good poetic talent. Our greatest wish is to have our pages filled with quality poets like yourself.

Also you will notice we have enclosed a release form for you to sign. It is a standard form insuring us that your work is original and unpublished and not under consideration by anyone else. You retain rights to your work, but we reserve the right to publish any poem in an anthology.

If you have any questions, please feel free to write. Welcome to *Famous Poets*. We hope this is the beginning of a long and productive relationship.

Sincerely,
The Editors

I was not a novice so this letter didn't make me pass out with glee and ecstasy, but I was pleased nonetheless. After all, an acceptance is an acceptance. And I also knew that first issues were easier to get into than more established magazines. I happened to be lucky enough to be one of the first to submit and

lucky enough to be accepted. Also my name might not be a household word in the literary world, but I had worked closely with several editors before, and my work had appeared in a variety of little magazines.

I signed the release form and waited for my contributor's copies. I was surprised at the quality of the

*I was ecstatic, but a twinge of fear
raced around the edges of my mind.*

magazine, but what surprised me more were the contributors. My poems, my name was printed alongside people like Allen Axelrod, Gloria Steinfeld, B. Q. Muller.

I was ecstatic, but a twinge of fear raced around the edges of my mind. What if it was only a fluke? What if I couldn't repeat? I wanted so badly to break into the bigger and higher quality magazines that this one success frightened me. What if they didn't like what I sent next? What if they told me not to bother them anymore? I knew those were stupid doubts, and I knew I shouldn't create problems where there were none yet, but regardless it took me several months to work up the courage to submit again. I carefully selected my very best poems and dropped them off at the post office before I lost my nerve and sent them someplace else.

My SASE came back heavy. My fears had been answered. I put the envelope at the bottom of the pile—dreading to open it, dreading to read the rejection I knew it held.

I lingered over the rest of my mail until finally only the *Famous Poets* envelope remained. I tore it open and unfolded the papers inside. I quickly realized my poems were not among them.

Dear Diane,

Thank you for submitting again. As we said before, we greatly enjoy your work, and we are pleased you tried us again. We are accepting your poems for the next two issues.

We are planning a contributors' section with our next issue, and we are asking everyone to send a biographical sketch. We are

not concerned with the length so tell us as little or as much about yourself as you like.

Once again thank you for your participation, and don't wait so long to submit more material. We need talent like yours.

Sincerely,
The Editors

They also sent information about a series of contests they were sponsoring, subscription forms, and new markets I might like to try.

This was beginning to feel too good to be true. Were my years and years of writing suddenly beginning to pay off? Was this what I had been waiting for? *Famous Poets*. Was it a dream? A fleeting high in a graph of highs and lows? I decided not to worry about it. I decided to take this as far as I could.

I entered the contests. I submitted poems every month. I became a regular contributor.

Dear Diane,

We are pleased to inform you that you have won honorable mention in our first contest. Enclosed is your prize of \$5.

Dear Diane,

You have won third prize.

Dear Diane,

You have placed second.

Dear Diane,

Congratulations! You have won first place!

Letters arrived from other editors:

I have enjoyed your work in *Famous Poets*, and I would like you to submit material for possible publication.

How apt that you should be between the pages of *Famous Poets*. Have you thought of publishing a chapbook? I would be very interested in working with you.

It happened. It finally happened. I was a famous poet, and I was being paid to do what I loved most. I wrote. I was paid. I gave readings. People loved me, and I received fan mail. I was famous.

Then Gloria Steinfeld died. I missed the obituary in the paper, and it was a terrible shock to receive *Famous Poets'* memorial issue. She had been in her 70's so I didn't think too much about her death, but her poetry would be greatly missed in the literary world. The memorial issue became a collector's item.

The first printing sold out within the week. A second printing was ordered, and that, too, sold out. *Famous Poets* had its first famous poet.

B. Q. Muller died next. His life ended in a grisly hit-and-run accident in a remote part of his home town. B. Q. liked to walk at night. He said the night opened his mind to incredible heights of clarity. The police had no clues to his death.

Famous Poets' anthologies of Gloria Steinfeld and B. Q. Muller were in their third printings each. Nothing made the public admire and support a poet more than after he was dead. Real fame came then, and *Famous Poets* cashed in on it. I didn't blame them. They had the rights, and Gloria and B. Q. would want their words to live beyond them. Who of us didn't?

That's why I jumped at the chance when *Famous Poets* asked me to work on a collection of my writings. It was a big magazine now, able to pay top dollar, and this was my opportunity to break into the poetic ranks that Gloria Steinfeld and B. Q. Muller had vacated. I was on my way, and it felt fantastic.

I worked all summer on my collection. Most of it contained new work, and I knew I was writing my best material. I typed the final draft and decided to mail it that day. I hadn't heard the mailman go by, but I checked the box anyway. I didn't want to make an extra trip to the post office if something had come that needed my immediate attention.

Most of it was junk mail and letters. Things that could wait. But one letter caught my eye. It was typed, and there was no return address. I shivered in spite of the heat. I had a terrible urge to throw the letter away without opening it, but I'd never be able to forget it if I did. I held the envelope up to the sun and saw it contained a newspaper clipping. Why was this choking sense of foreboding wrapping itself around my throat? Why did I suddenly feel like my neighbors were watching behind their closed curtains? Why did that car drive by so slowly?

I could either stand out there by my mailbox and grow slowly paranoid and crazy or open the envelope and laugh about this because the clipping turned out to be a press release or something. I opened the envelope, but I didn't laugh.

Allen Axelrod's picture smiled out at me. I didn't bother to read the obituary. "And then there was one," and the odds weren't in my favor. I looked for a postmark, but there was none. I didn't expect to find one, but I had to look.

I threw the mail in the house and walked to the post office. My mind raced with thoughts of Gloria,

B. Q., *Famous Poets*, Allen, me, and *Famous Poets*. *Famous Poets* had made us all famous. I had corresponded with them for several years now, and still they signed themselves "The Editors."

For a while it irritated me not knowing someone's name at *Famous Poets*, but then I decided or rationalized that maybe they were more interested in the poets than in making themselves famous and important. It seemed like a reasonable explanation. Until now. And what made it different now was people were dying. No, not dying. People were being killed, and *Famous Poets* was becoming a rich magazine, a rich company.

And what about the clipping? Was someone trying to warn me? They had to be, but who? Why didn't they just come out and say it? Maybe they didn't have proof. Maybe they were afraid. Maybe they were afraid they'd be next. But maybe I was next, and that frightened me more.

I looked at the manuscript in my hand. If I mailed it, it would be my last book. It would be my memorial book. Suddenly I had the feeling I was being watched again. The streets weren't particularly crowded. Kids rode their bikes on the wrong side of the street like they always did. Traffic was normal. Nobody paid attention to me. But still the feeling persisted.

I wanted to run home and cram my manuscript into a drawer and leave it there. If I did, I wouldn't die. I wouldn't be the ultimate famous poet dead before her time. I wouldn't let *Famous Poets* become rich from my death.

I stepped into the office supply store, bought some paper and envelopes, making sure I had enough to fit into a large bag. I walked to the post office, and as I stepped inside, I slipped my manuscript into the bag. I bought a few stamps and walked home, trying not to walk too fast and attract any suspicion but not too slowly either. I could only hope the postal clerk wasn't on the *Famous Poets'* payroll if indeed there was a payroll. He would be the only one who could swear I hadn't mailed the manuscript.

Once home I hid the manuscript. I couldn't bring myself to burn it or tear it up and let the trashman take it away. It was my best work. I had to keep it.

I ignored the inquiries from *Famous Poets*. I installed an answering machine and never returned their calls. I stopped submitting. I thought about moving. After all, they had my address. They could come to my house anytime. I started to make plans. But *Famous Poets* was quicker than I was.

One of The Editors came to see me. "We're worried about you, Diane."

She was a woman of about my height and build, but she had the presence of a person who commanded great strength and who relied on that strength to surprise anyone who got in her way. I hoped I would stay out of her way because if this woman from *Famous Poets* wanted to kill me, there was little I could do to prevent her. I had no weapons in the house.

"Are you having problems with the manuscript?"

"Yes." Perhaps that was my salvation. "I've been blocked for months." I started to pace the room. "I don't know what it is." There were knives in the kitchen. "Maybe I've been under too much stress. Maybe all this attention is getting to me. Maybe I'm burned out. Maybe there's been too much death." The words were out before I could stop them. I heard the clock ticking on the wall.

The editor frowned and nodded. "Yes, there have been too many deaths, and I know they were close friends of yours over the years. But life goes on, Diane. You can't let their deaths stop such a talent as yours." The editor stood up. I stepped back, and she hesitated.

She said all the right words, made all the right moves, but her eyes betrayed her. They sparkled with excitement.

"Get out of here." I tried to keep my voice steady.

"Maybe we're pushing you too fast. If you could just show me what you have so far, maybe I could help you with it."

The editor grabbed for me, but I was ready. I darted away and into the kitchen. The editor ran after me, but she tripped on my cat's catnip mouse. She fell. Her head cracked on the corner of the end table with such force that the table toppled on top of her. The candle I had lit earlier fell also and caught some papers on fire.

Immediately I ran to put out the flames, but then I stopped. Wasn't this just perfect? "Famous Poet Burned To Death In Home." Only it wouldn't be me. I checked the editor's pulse. She was already dead. I'd have to leave everything except my manuscript. I'd have to hope no one saw me leave, but after that, I'd be free, and I'd be alive.

I could get plastic surgery, claim I was a friend of mine for years, and that I had sent, or that Diane had sent me this book and others for my opinion. I could publish them, become famous as only a dead poet can be famous, still write, and still be alive. I could beat *Famous Poets* at its own game.

They Give What They Have

by Neurine Wiggin

On this last warm fall day
I harvest my friends—one visiting from California
who isn't comfortable in water,
another bringing orange mums
from flower beds just mulched for spring.

Kids scatter at our feet
like calves or muffin crumbs.
We pick up talk's unknitted ends,
rework the pattern of our lives.
Speak of kids' drawings or fights,
husbands' heavy briefcases,
parents' stumbling health.

Suddenly my heart is leaking into my words,
my eyes shine on a windless day
as our talk of a baby rescued from a well
brings up the baby I have lost.
The day a thick lump of blood
fell into the toilet,
egg broken, a malformed promise.
Not able to look away
or to retrieve from the spoiled water
what was no longer mine,
I waited until my husband could get home.
A reluctant pathologist, he went upstairs
with a boiled olive jar and paper bag,
as a clot in my throat screamed itself to death.

The California friend who leaves tomorrow,
uneasy with her own unhappiness,
has all the words, the listening head.
My gardener works harder at her needlepoint,
asking if we have dinner plans tonight,
if I still like peach pie.



Tranquility
by F. Stephen DeMartino

The Breeding Season

by April E. Wilson

Sarah opened the ice box and with both hands lifted out the heavy pitcher of milk. She poured an exact amount into a measuring cup, then added it to the flour in a porcelain bowl. She looked up at her mother-in-law, Mrs. Kenton, who was already reaching into the cupboard overhead for the sugar canister which she placed in Sarah's waiting hands. Carefully, Sarah measured out an amount of sugar, showed it to Mrs. Kenton who nodded, then sprinkled it slowly over the wet clump of flour, and watched as the sugar granules disappeared beneath the wet surface.

"I'll finish up here," the older woman said, neat and trim in her pale green gingham dress, her long white hair coiled tightly as always in a bun tucked against the soft nape of her neck. Mrs. Kenton wiped her thin hands on her white apron. "Why don't you go upstairs and play with the babies? I can hear them rattling around in their cribs."

Sarah's blue eyes drifted up. "I'd as soon stay here with you," she said, slowly blending the mixture before her on the kitchen counter. "They aren't crying or anything."

"Then why don't you go outside? It's warm out this evening. Go out and sit on the porch for a while. I'll finish supper."

Sarah shook her head—her blond ponytail swishing behind her—and wiped her slender hands on a blue-and-white checkered dish towel. "That's all right," she said, tucking an escaped tendril of long ash-blond hair behind her delicate ear. She picked up the mixing spoon again and dipped it into the smooth batter, watching as the wooden spoon sunk below the thick surface. She folded the batter over and over again. "I'll stay and help you."

"Then go pull some carrots for supper."

Sarah's blue eyes flashed up at the older woman, then she swallowed. "Yes'm."

The wooden screen door shut soundlessly as Sarah stepped out onto the back porch. From where

she stood, facing the east, the only thing visible to her were the empty fields. As far as she could see, there was only earth. It was here on this porch that she would sit for long hours in the evenings, when the weather or her offspring or Jack permitted. From here, she could see all that she cared to see, nothing but waving yellow fields and empty blue skies. Here she could empty her mind.

As soon as she stepped out into the yard, buildings came into view—the red bank barn propped up against a hill overgrown with thickets, the smokehouse, the squat little chicken coop with its many windows and slanted red-shingled roof. A loud ruckus filtered over the bubbly ground from the corral, but she turned away from the sounds and headed toward the vegetable garden she herself had planted the previous spring.

As Sarah reached the edge of the garden, she knelt down to pull the carrots, all the while keeping her eyes glued to the ground as she studied the long winding rows of vegetables. Absent-mindedly, she plucked the new weeds that had sprung up overnight. With her eyes, she traced the path of a fat beetle as it made its way up and over a tight clod of dirt.

Nevertheless, sounds filtered across the yard through the hot still air. She heard them howling, shouting orders at each other. Then she heard the blood-curdling scream of the untried mare and knew it was finally done.

Sarah grabbed a fistful of carrots and ran back to the porch. But Mrs. Kenton was waiting. She asked the girl to walk over to the barn and tell the men that supper would be ready soon and to come in and wash up as soon as they were done. Reluctantly, Sarah handed Mrs. Kenton the carrots and wiped her hands on her apron, then headed across the yard.

A crowd of at least a dozen men had formed around the perimeter of the fence. Sarah's husband, Jack, and his father, as well as others whom she didn't recognize, were sitting on the fence, their boot heels

wedged against the wooden rungs for balance. Silently, Sarah walked up behind Jack and tapped his bony shoulder blade. He jerked around quickly, his face flushed. He saw that it was she and grinned.

"Supper's almost ready," Sarah said. "Your mother said wash up." She turned back toward the house, but his voice arrested her.

"Wait!" Jack jumped down off the fence and stood back to make a place for her in the ring of

Jack grabbed her wrist and dragged her forward, then lifted her up and deposited her on the fence top.

onlookers. "Look at those two!" he said, his voice gravelly. "Look at him go!"

Sarah pulled back, but Jack grabbed her wrist and dragged her forward, then lifted her up and deposited her on the fence top.

"Put me down," she whispered, struggling against the hard hands that gripped her waist. She looked around. The men were now staring at her. "Jack, put me down," she hissed. She was struggling to jump down when a sudden outburst from all sides caught her attention, and before she realized it, she had looked into the center of the ring. Her pale eyes widened as they settled on the pair of mating horses. A stallion, huge and heavy, his body covered with foam, was lunging against a sleek young mare tethered and held by Jack's father and several others. Cheers rose all around as the mare swung back her head and bit the stallion.

Sarah's eyes swept the crowd. They thought that was funny? Bile rose up in her mouth, sour and strong, and she shoved Jack away and jumped down. "Your ma says wash up," she said, straightening her dress. Then she stalked back to the house.

Sarah fled up the stairs to her bedroom where she threw herself on the double bed she shared with her husband. She lay there quietly. The babies had long fallen asleep in their two cribs pushed up against one wall.

Half an hour had slipped by when the screen door creaked open, then banged shut. The familiar sounds of Jack and his father washing in the downstairs bathroom prodded Sarah to sit up. Then as she heard them stomp into the kitchen, their boot heels striking the wooden floor, Sarah swung her legs over the side of the bed and stood. Below, chairs were dragged back from the table, then scraped forward.

Sarah headed to the bedroom door, pausing briefly at the dresser to grab her brush and quickly drag it through her disheveled hair. Her eyes wandered to her reflection in the mirror. She frowned. Then her gaze crawled to the tiny color photograph of herself stuck into the top corner of the mirror frame.

It was her ninth-grade picture, the last school picture she'd had taken. That was the year she'd got caught with Jack's baby, and later that summer, they'd made her marry. She and Jack had moved into his parents' home, and since his mother had volunteered to watch the baby during the day, Sarah had been able to start the tenth grade. But when the second baby came, she was asked by the principal to leave school for good.

Sarah went downstairs and took her seat at the table. Her mother-in-law had already brought the food to the table. "I should have helped. I'm sorry."

"That's all right, dear," Mrs. Kenton said.

"He finally just wore her out," Jack said, swallowing a heavy mouthful of food.

"Please, Jack," his mother said, dabbing the corner of her mouth with a white linen napkin. "Not at the table."

"I guess it's to make him work all the harder for it."

"Jack, you heard your mother."

Jack shrugged at his father, then shoved a piece of bread into his mouth. "Well, it's true."

It was already dark outside when supper was over, and while Jack and his father went into the living room, the two women cleared and washed the dishes. Sarah was putting the clean plates away when Jack poked his head through the kitchen doorway.

"Ma, can you finish alone?" he asked. His face was flushed.

"Why?" Sarah asked, turning her back on him. "What do you want?"

"It's late," he said. "You must be tired."

"No, I'm fine," she answered.

"Well, how long's it gonna take?"

"I'm helping your mother. Then we're going to cut out her new dress pattern. She asked me earlier." She looked up at Mrs. Kenton.

"You don't have to help her," Jack offered. "Does she, Ma?"

His mother said nothing.

"It's still early, Jack," the girl said.

Jack snapped his jaw. "But I got to talk to you."

"You can talk to me here."

Without another word, Jack melted back from the kitchen door, and Sarah went back to the dishes.

She stared into his deep-set eyes as long as she dared, then ripped off her apron and flung it onto the kitchen table.

Before long, the father appeared in the kitchen doorway.

"Mother, you don't need her anymore tonight, do you?"

The woman pulled her gaze toward her husband. Then she looked at the girl. "I guess not," she answered.

Sarah turned to face her father-in-law. She stared into his deep-set dark eyes as long as she dared, then ripped off her apron and flung it onto the kitchen

table. Without a word, she stalked past him and up the stairs.

Mrs. Kenton locked up the house for the night and went upstairs. She went into the bedroom, quietly shutting the door behind her. The lights were out, but she knew her husband was awake. She slipped out of her dress and crawled under the sheet.

"I want you to talk to her tomorrow," he said. "Explain things to her again."

The woman said nothing.

"I said talk to her."

"I heard you the first time," she said.

Meanwhile, Sarah was watching the moon make its familiar trek across her bedroom window when she felt Jack roll off her. Minutes later he was snoring.

Her view of the disappearing moon gradually became distorted by her tears. As far as she was concerned, the mare was the lucky one. Then giggles erupted from her throat. As Jack's knobby elbow jabbed sharply into her side, she heard one of the babies turn over in its crib.



Snow Ruin
by Michael A. Bartz

Village Squares
by **Charlotte F. Rismiller**

I walked the roads in the village squares
And met those who resided there.
In every village, in every town
Drops of blood lie on the ground.
Even in the antiquated,
Dusty relics lie there tainted
With crimson crust of age-old deeds,
Justified by shields with creeds,
Men with power, ruthless might,
Children dying, the peasant's plight,
Martyrs burning at the stake,
Sacrifices for the state,
All for the moment, lost in sorrow,
Newer states rise in tomorrow,
Fragile dreams violence shattered,
Gentle souls thought it mattered.
Dreams, the luxuries of slaves,
Practical thoughts, the crutch of knaves.
The roads of the village led to today,
I've been on them since yesterday.

Afternoon in a Graveyard
by **David James**

It slopes
from left to right,
like one huge body
slipping underground.
The headstones,
pale gray or brown,
have illegible lines carved across them.
In the far corner
at the edge of shade from the only tree,
a small girl sits on the mound,
propped up against the stone,
a doll with no face in her arms.
"Can you hear me? Say yes.
Do you remember me?
I bet you do. I bet you know
but you're not saying."
Then she starts laughing,
dancing around the site,
singing in her small voice.
She throws the doll in the air
up into the sun and catches it,
falling on the grave.
No one is there to see
how she lies still,
kissing the grass, her wet face
sloping from left to right,
right to left.



Cape Bretton Island, 1978
by Glenn A. Kotnik

Country Bliss

by Diane Marie Victoria

I remember the summer
Dad sucked those bumblebees
into the vacuum cleaner,
stuffed the hose with newspaper,
and turned it off as we spent
a leisure country evening
listening to the rhythm
of a vacuum with a buzz.

Nexus Spring 1988 Contest Results

Fiction

- First Prize: **April E. Wilson**, "The Breeding Season," Spring 1988
Ms. Wilson is a graduate student in English.
- Second Prize: **Thomas F. Gnau, Jr.**, "Blizzard," Winter 1988
Mr. Gnau is a sophomore majoring in English.
- Third Prize: **Jovanka Kink**, "The Transmigration of Chibby," Spring 1988
Ms. Kink is a sophomore, and she majors in biology.

Poetry

- First Prize: **Bob Moore**, "The Far Spit," Fall 1987
Mr. Moore is a junior English major.
- Second Prize: **Larry Rich**, "The Last Waltz," Spring 1988
Mr. Rich is a graduate student in English.
- Kristen Rooks**, "On Purple Sea," Fall 1987
Ms. Rooks is a freshman acting student.
- Third Prize: **Jovanka Kink**, "Predator," Winter 1988
Ms. Kink is a sophomore majoring in biology.

Photography

- First Prize: **Glenn A. Kotnik**, Harris Wash, Utah, Spring 1988
Mr. Kotnik is a second-year medical student.
- Second Prize: **Michelle Saez**, Piano, Spring 1988
Ms. Saez is a junior, and she majors in art.
- Third Prize: **Michael A. Bartz**, Snow Ruin, Spring 1988
Mr. Bartz is a junior majoring in motion pictures.

Nexus gratefully acknowledges the sponsorship of the Wright State University College of Liberal Arts and the Department of English Language and Literatures.

No prizes were awarded in the artwork category because no eligible student work was published during the 1987-88 academic year.

The Nexus Spring Contest is open to all current Wright State students who are not members of the Nexus staff. Winners are chosen from student work which is published throughout the academic year and are awarded as follows: \$60 for first, \$40 for second, and \$20 for third. In case of a tie, duplicate prizes are given. All decisions are final.

Contributors

Michael A. Bartz is a junior at WSU, majoring in motion pictures. His work has been previously published in *Nexus*.

William Beyer is a writer from Belvidere, Illinois.

Jonelle Blair is a junior English major at WSU.

Melissa Brothers is a senior at WSU who majors in English and communications. Her work has appeared in *Aerial*.

F. Stephen DeMartino visualizes an objective world where magic is hidden mechanics, and he challenges viewers to look beyond recognizable subjects and find the abstraction.

Stephanie Dickey is a senior at WSU.

Phyllis A. Finkelstein holds a bachelor's degree in art from California State College. She currently lives in Beavercreek.

Walt Franklin lives near Greenwood, New York. His latest book is *Rootwork and Other Poems*.

Joe Fumo is a free-lance writer from Shorewood, Wisconsin.

David James is a writer from Linden, Michigan.

Jovanka Kink is a sophomore biology major at WSU.

Sandy Kinnaman is a WSU senior in art who will graduate in June 1988.

Glenn A. Kotnik is a WSU medical student who has photographed the American western desert, the eastern coast, and Nova Scotia.

William James Kovanda is from Mendocino, California. His work has been previously published in *Nexus*.

Jonathan Levant was born in Ithaca, New York, and intends to die on the Greek island of Ithaca.

Joyce K. Luzzi is from Narragansett, Rhode Island.

Scott Milligan is in his third year at WSU. He's been involved with photography for seven years, and his work has previously appeared in *Nexus*.

Larry Rich is a WSU teaching assistant who is working on an M.A. in English.

Charlotte F. Rismiller is a schedule analyst for a high-tech Dayton firm. She is also an M.B.A. graduate student at WSU.

Egean Roggio, whose poetry has been published in *Philadelphia Poets* and *Piedmont Literary Review*, is from Ardmore, Pennsylvania.

Michelle Saez is a WSU art major whose work has been published in *Chimaera* and several other college publications.

Cathy Wilson Sayer is the mother of four and is a WSU English and communications student. Her work has appeared in *Nexus*.

Diane Marie Victoria is a part-time sophomore at Kent State University majoring in journalism.

Diane Webster has had work published in *Mythellany*, *Vega*, and *Hibiscus Magazine*.

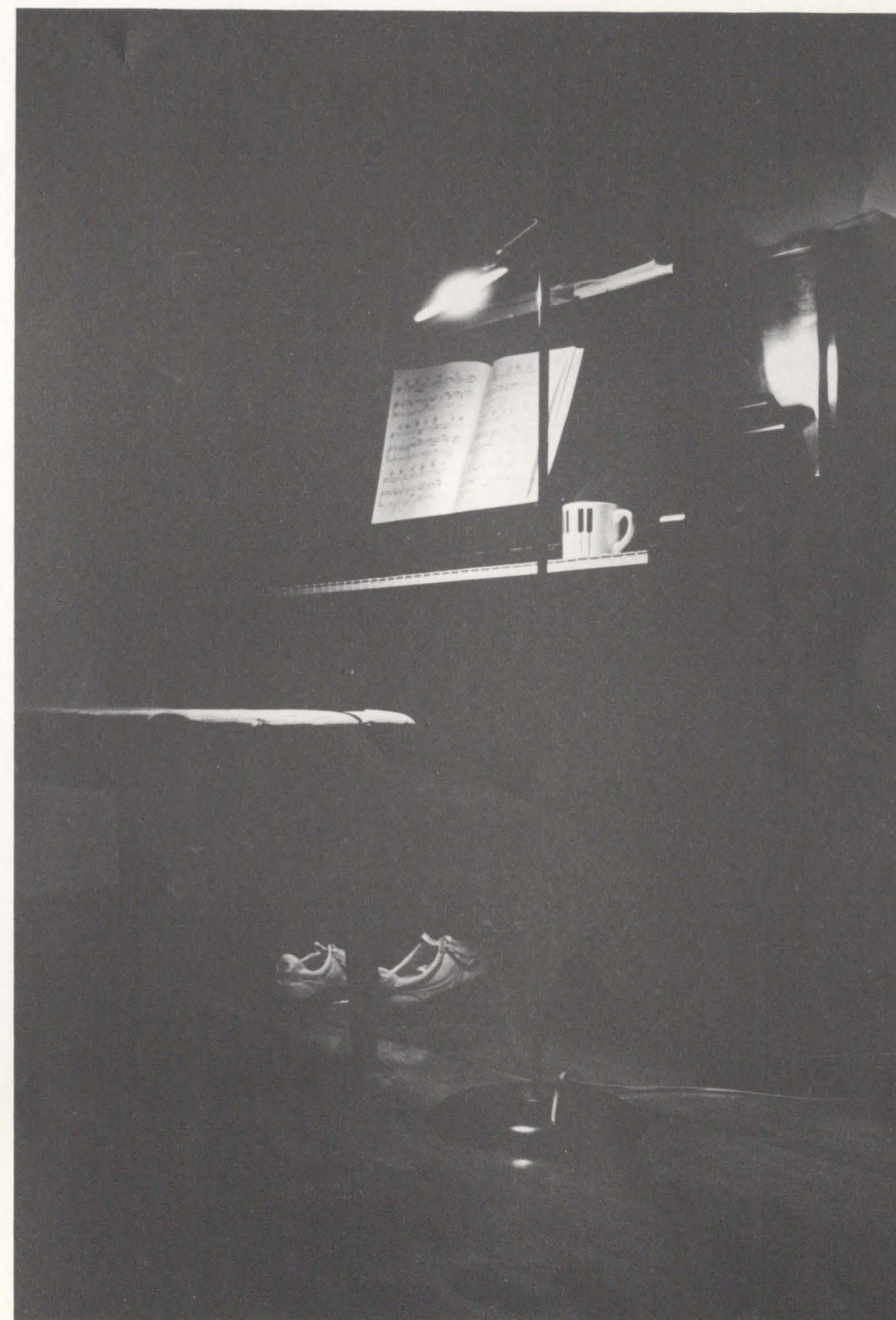
Neurine Wiggin is a writer from Glencoe, Illinois.

April E. Wilson is a WSU graduate student in English.

Patrons

James W. Agna, M.D.
 David W. Allaman
 Dr. and Mrs. Joseph Alter
 Alumni Association
 Jeanne Ballantine
 Dr. Gary C. Barlow
 Dr. David L. Barr
 Abe and Sharon Bassett
 R. Donald Bell
 Lois M. Boehm
 Dr. Peter S. Bracher
 Lorna Dawes
 Barbara Dreher, Ph.D.
 Joanne Jocha Ervin
 Dr. Ronald E. Fox
 Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Hager
 Dr. Elizabeth Harden
 Charles E. Hathaway
 Lee Huntington
 Marni F. Jacob
 Robert J. Kegerreis, Ph.D.
 Mary E. Kenton
 Virginia W. Kettering
 Ruth R. Lapp

Mr. and Mrs. Paul E. Koch
 Peggy Madok
 Claire K. March
 Steve and Lou Mason
 The Mead Corporation
 Paige E. Mulhollan
 Ronald L. Oldiges
 Maesimund B. Panos, M.D.
 Dr. and Mrs. J. B. Paperman
 Ms. Gerry Petrak
 Susan and Ken Pollock
 Joanne Risacher
 Merritt E. Schlafman
 Ruth B. Schumacher, Ph.D.
 Frank L. Shively, Jr., M.D.
 Lewis K. Shupe
 Ron Sparks
 Karin-Leigh Spicer and Edward J. Blake
 Student Affairs Word Processing Center
 Charles S. Taylor
 Ritchie Thomas
 Judith L. Wentling
 The Writing Center
 Tony Zurlo



Piano
 by Michelle Saez

Nexus

Spring 1988